

canvas

1.
paintbrush.

i am the brush which creates,
painting myself into the world i imagine,
my dark colors, a river
where stars appear in dreams

i wake into light
as the sun rises from shadow

i splash myself into a forest of green,
a universe healed of all pollution,
every tree a meal
ripe and delicious.

2.
vision.

a painting that is full of love
invites you into its house of colors
where the walls fill with music
flowing up from the eternal well

inside this story
there are clues on the path,
the ceiling light in the center,
an open window
where the wind is god,
and the wind is you,
and you are the music
the ceiling light
and the center
in the window
of a painting full of love,
unique and alone
with your family of tints and shades
contrasting textures,

a brief moment
capturing light
in the balance,
on the edge.

3.
space.

it is the emptiness which forms us
this void that must be filled
that causes us to search
between extremes of darkness and light
sensitive to the pull of magnets
barometers guide our direction
where too much of anything is useless,
a waste of ownership,
more than we need

it is the hollow space within
that has room to receive
open and willing
wanting knowledge
to base decisions on substance,
how to fill this immense wideness,
explore
and search for what is needed
like a multiple choice test
with uncertain answers
too much fullness
leaves space for nothing—
all colors blend into brown
like body waste, top soil, dry blood

we have to get clear
to begin
start over
like newborns
at every sunrise.

4.
portfolio.

paintbrush poetry
point tip broad dot crosshatched
pintura possibilities,
primary colors in line forms
tracing length and width,
virtual dimensions
contrasting chiaroscuro,
monochromatic memoirs in the round,
holographic double-takes
in translucent dimensions.

growth
is the crossing of a bridge
from unknowing to knowing,
from nothing to fullness
beneath us the water remains
as changeable as our heart
our head carries us
like a boat onto foreign shores.

5.
textures.

the art of observation
is cultivated through many windows,
each one a book
of unpredictable cues
gathering dust at the atomic root, our history
where we are much more than we see,
all of our ancestors in our DNA
along with the creation of the universe
that first spark mixing into light,
mirror image of sun
in the composition of our skin
like rainfall to trees,
flower silk we thirst in dreams,
seeing like an artist

with the eyes of a child.

searching,
staring deeply
at the distribution of layers and outlines
in the dance of shadow and light,
patterns unravel:
the expanse of clouds
from my airplane window
no different
than the sea of waves,
the undulating mountain-range
skin of an orange,
goosebumps up my arms,
the irregular solar flare,
all one and the same
in various speeds of cosmic movement,
the way we are like trees
our leaf hair curling in the heat
our bark skin,
spotted and veined.

6.
line.

the line begins in emptiness
it doesn't matter where,
just that it begins
a lonely moment in ignorance,
finding itself one day
within a circular center
of probabilities

the line begins dark and unfocused,
before embarking on its random path
of varied weights and widths
yet, with all its definition
it remains flat and two-dimensional
no matter how far it reaches
its depth is an illusion

like magicians pulling flowers out of air

a line can be like a machine,
rigid, incapable of feeling,
a stranger who looks away
when you are a thunderstorm of hope
unraveling your direction

a line can never measure
intensity
or the depths of sadness
when moonlight sings for food

it can only mimic the trail
light leaves
against darkness.

7.
light

battles the darkness
penetrates
like a violator of obscurity,
a photographer's marriage
shadow dancing with space

the light is restless, aggressive,
quick-rhythmed in measured waves,
a pulse that burns in heat

sometimes i hide in shadows
peaceful, anonymous,
invisible

the light reveals everything,
forces me to see
penetrates into voids
in a brilliance that insists
i pay attention to each particle,
no longer able to hide in shadows.

8.
layers.

on the surface we appear similar
but there is more
beside the facade
of labels polished and groomed
or casual how-do-you-do weather commentary
beneath the clothing of politically correct cultural adornments
signifying members of a club, a house, a sect
behind all named, specified and categorized forms
which lose significance when they try to take control
beyond this mass of body,
as thick and dense as rainforest
we may look similar
but peel back our surface of complex layers,
to the core where spirit is housed,
like a shining star, kin to sun

expose the spirit
dark and asleep on your sofa
let it absorb light
let it become bright.

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